

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"  
(feat. Prince Ital)

[\*"To Live & Die in L.A." fades out]

*[Snipped of a religious TV show:]*

God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy  
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful  
plan of eternity

For my life and your life

As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the  
Lord does return in the coming seven days  
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

*[2Pac:]*

2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!  
Makaveli, the new breed  
And I remember what my pops told me  
The new word, follow me  
Remember what my pops told me

*[2Pac:]*

My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers  
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"  
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this  
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!  
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two  
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do  
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.  
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy  
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies  
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies  
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled  
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child  
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules  
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules  
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall  
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls  
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right  
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight  
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn  
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned  
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please  
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me  
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blaspemy, blasphemy)

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

[2Pac:]

We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing

Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going

Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily

Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely

Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin

We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto

Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay

Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day

They say Moses split the Red Sea

I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly

Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids

Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did

Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs

God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)

Living by the Nile while the water flow

I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go

Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected

It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me

Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord

Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud

(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain

(Remember what my pops told me)

While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

(what!)

[2Pac:]

The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar

Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire

Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?

While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"

Should we cry when the Pope die? My request

We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X

Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?

Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?

Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders

Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us

In my brain how can you explain time in B.C

It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed

They say Jesus is a kind man

Well, he should understand times in this crime land

My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game

I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure

Is heaven just another door? I leave this here

I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure

Is Heaven just another door? And my people say...

*[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]*

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
(Remember what my pops told me)  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain  
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
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Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord  
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud  
Using the name of the lord in vain  
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven  
Hallow be thy name  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
In Earth as it is in Heaven  
Give us this day, our daily bread  
As we give up our debts  
As we forgive our debt-ors  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us unevil  
For God is the kingdom and the power  
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

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